CHARMING BETTIE;

And How She Came to Acquire That Distinction.

[By Zaidee Betts Smith.]

"Nearly everyone has a romance, of some kind, sometime in their life," said Miss Bettie.

Click, click, went her shining knitting-needles.

Her small blue eyes were fixed absently on the little wood fire. She knitted without looking, from long habit.

"Everyone, Miss Bettie?" asked Priscilla North. "Then you had one, too."

"It was all very long ago," remarked the old maid. "Can you believe I was ever pretty?"

Priscilla opened her mouth to speak. She hardly knew what she was going to say; but Miss Bettie did not wait to hear her.

"Yes, I was pretty once," she said, "and I was called 'Charming Bettie.'"

She laughed a little oddly at this, and went on with her knitting a few moments in silence.

"My hair was always curly," she continued, presently, "and my eyes used to be very bright. My cheeks were red—so red, they accused me of painting many a time—and my teeth white and even, and my figure round and trim. Yes, I was called 'Charming Bettie,'" she repeated, and her lips twitched with something like a smile of pleased recollection.

Somehow, Priscilla did not feel quite so like smiling now. She thought it was a little pathetic—Miss Bettie's innocent vanity concerning the past. She wondered, as she, too, watched the bright wood fire, if she would look like Miss Bettie, when she was her age, and if everything in life would seem so ended for her.

There was so little left in the lonely little old maid's life, she thought, with youthful pity.

She had her snug brown house, with its pretty old-fashioned garden, her birds and her flowers, and her white kitten, it was true; but she must, at times, be very lonely in spite of it all.

Priscilla could picture her in the long winter evenings, sitting in the little dim lamp-lighted parlor, knitting—knitting.

"Miss Bettie," she said, gently, after a little, "who called you that—'Charming Bettie?'"

"Who? Oh, a good many. *He* called me so, first, and then they all got to calling me that."

"Go on, please," said Priscilla, slipping down on the floor beside the fat kitten. "Tell me all about it—do."

"Well, I might as well tell you, I guess," said Miss Sligo, slowly. "I never have told anyone yet. But, sometimes, I think it would do me good just to speak about it. I get tired of only thinking—I think so much," with a little sigh, and the knitting lying idle, now, in her lap.

"Tell me who he was," the young girl said, raising a curious young face.

"His name was David Allyn," said Miss Bettie, rather tremulously.

"David Allyn—Lawyer Allyn?" cried Priscilla, her dark eyes large with intense surprise.

The spinster nodded.

"I have a picture of him, taken when he was quite young," she said, and she got up and went to a little shelf and took it down. "He was a handsome boy," she went on, handing the faded daguerreotype to the young girl, "and he was as good as he was handsome."

The beardless boyish face, with its irregular unformed features, and rather sunken black eyes, did not strike Priscilla as being at all handsome.

"You say he was very good, Miss Bettie?" she ventured to say, however.

"Yes, as good as he was handsome," Miss Sligo repeated, in her old-fashioned way.

Priscilla could hardly repress a smile. She handed back the dim, colorless little picture.

"Did you meet him here in R——?" she asked.

"Yes, at a dance at one of the neighbors. He was a young lawyer, had just graduated, and hadn't hung out his shingle. But he was uncommonly bright and smart, even then. He is our leading lawyer now, you know," the spinster added, with no little pride.

"It seems so strange to think he was your lover," Priscilla exclaimed.

"Yes, it does seem strange now, after all these years," said Miss Bettie, with another little sigh; "but it seemed very natural then. We met very often after the night of the dance, and we grew to know these country roads near here by heart, for many were the long walks we took together. There is one road—that one that leads by the Hillman cottage—I never care to go now. It was there, on that road, just about dark, one October evening, that he told me he loved me. There had been a fine sunset and the sky had been a bright flame-color. As the glow faded, and the meadows grew dark, and a little mist began to shut out the hills, we turned to come home. 'Lean on my arm, dear,' he said, and when I did so, trembling a little, he said: 'How would you like a young fellow's strong arm to lean on always?'"

"Yes, yes," cried Priscilla, again raising an eager, interested face. "Go on; what did you say, Miss Bettie?"

"I didn't say anything right then, he took me so by surprise; and presently he went on: 'Bettie,' he said, 'you are a nice girl—nicer than any in R——, or any place else, for that matter, and some day I am going to have you for my wife, if you say so.' He was a bold sort of a boy. You would never think so now, to see him, would you? And then he told me how pretty he thought I was, and he said, with a laugh, and giving my arm a little pinch: 'I am going to name you Charming Bettie.' So after that he always called me that, and soon everyone in R—— began to call me it, too.

"We were never engaged to each other, although I wear the little ring he gave me, in remembrance of our love, yet," said Miss Bettie, and held out one thin hand, on which shone, in the firelight, a worn band of gold. "There was just this understanding between us: some day, when he had got a nice start in the law, and had a little home of his own to take me to, then I was to be his wife.

"We were young, and we were content to wait; and one day he went away to the city to go into partnership with an old established lawyer, a friend of his father's.

"It was a grand chance, a fine opening for him, and we both knew it, and rejoiced over it like children, although we dreaded the separation. 'Never mind, Charming Bettie,' he said, when he came to kiss me good-bye. 'In a few years I will be nicely fixed; perhaps rich, who knows? Anyway, I'll have a good start, and I will come back and carry you away!'

"And then he was gone, and that was the end," said Miss Bettie, rather abruptly, and she picked up her work and the needles fairly flew.

"The end! What do you mean?" cried the young girl, a little breathlessly.

"It was the end of everything between us, I mean," said the spinster, and still knitting fast, "for when David Allyn came home at the end of two years, he did not come alone; he brought his wife with him."

"Oh, Miss Bettie! And you called him good. I shall never want to speak to him again; dishonorable man."

"No, not that. Weak, perhaps, but not dishonorable," said Miss Bettie, quickly. "Lucy Harper was a sweet-faced, sweet-mannered girl," she went on; "she was the daughter of David's partner, in the city, and it was not long before she fell in love with David. She could not or would not try to conceal it; and soon everyone saw, David among them, how much she cared for him. She was a delicate little creature, and aroused David's sympathy—his mother has often told me all about it—and so it finally ended in his asking her to marry him.

"Her parents had never crossed her in anything, and they gave their consent to the match, and David Allyn brought her home, one day, to his people.

"They stayed here a little while, and then went back to the city. I met her, once, in church, and I overheard her ask David 'who that ugly little thing with the red face was he was staring at so hard? If that was Charming Bettie?'

"That day I walked for the first time since David's marriage up the Hillman-cottage road, and although I shed many bitter tears, I resolved not to let what had happened spoil my life for me; but somehow it has—it has," ended the spinster, sadly, and she stared at the fire, which was getting low, with dim eyes.

"Miss Bettie, she is dead, now," said the young girl, very softly, after a little pause, "and he is a widower."

Priscilla had been staring at the fire also, and weaving a little romance of her own.

"Hush, child!" cried Miss Sligo. "How can you? She has not been in her grave a year yet, and David Allyn will never marry again any way. His romance, like mine, is ended," she added, decidedly, getting up and going to the wood-closet.

She threw some sticks on the red coals, and soon a little blaze lit up the room.

Miss Bettie opened the window, and leaned out over her plants, to glance at the crimson sky.

"Just such clouds," she said, softly, to herself. "Just such clouds as on that night."

The young girl came and stood beside her.

"I must go home; it is supper-time," she said. "But before I go, let me thank you, Miss Bettie, for having told me what you have."

She kissed the maiden lady's faded cheek, and flung her young arms affectionately around her.

"I shall love you better than ever now," she said, tenderly, "and I hope, some day, things will yet come right."

Then she went away, and Miss Bettie stood in her open window for some little time after, looking at the sunset.

Lawyer Allyn saw her as he came up the street from his office. He had moved to R—— from the city, and he walked more slowly as he came to the little brown house among its trees.

They always spoke to one another; it seemed foolish not to speak. So when he got by the window he said:

"Your flowers are looking very fresh and nice, Miss Bettie."

The spinster gave one of her little nervous starts. She had not seen him coming. Her hand struck against one of the flower-pots, and knocked it over.

It rolled off the narrow sill, and lay at David Allyn's feet.

"It is broken to pieces," he said, picking it up, with a little smile on his thin sallow face, "but I am going to keep it—may I not?"

Miss Bettie's cheeks wore something of their old redness.

"Yes—if you want to," she made answer, a little breathlessly.

He took the plant—a pale-pink geranium—out of the earthen pot, and shook a little of the dirt off the roots.

"This shall bloom in my window," he said, "and I am going to name it 'Charming Bettie,' in memory of other days."

Miss Sligo's face flushed a deeper red.

"Good-night," she said, abruptly, and was about shutting the window. She felt somewhat shocked; his wife had not been dead a year.

"No, don't go yet," David Allyn said, his hand on the fence-railing. Then he seemed to remember himself. "Very well, good-night," he added, and walked slowly away, the little pink geranium in his hand.

A few days later, another stormy afternoon, near dusk, Miss Sligo heard a knock at her front door.

She had grown a little timid, living by herself, and glanced out the window, nervously.

There, on the porch, was Lawyer Allyn.

Miss Bettie smoothed her curls quickly, and hastened to the door.

"I saw your firelight shining through the window, as I came past, and I could not resist coming in this wet night," said the lawyer, a little untruthfully, as he had planned coming for some days.

Miss Bettie led the way to the little parlor.

"Take this chair," she said, drawing a large rocker close to the fire.

The lawyer held out his hands to the blaze.

"You have a snug little home, Miss Bettie," he observed. "I suppose you would never be willing to leave it now?" And he glanced about at the flowers in the window, and at the little table set with one blue cup and saucer and plate, seen through the open door in the adjoining room.

"I am attached to the house," the spinster said, gravely. "My dear father and mother both died here, and it has many associations."

She was sitting in another rocking-chair near by, and had taken up her knitting.

David Allyn watched the swift-flying needles.

"Don't you ever get lonely?" he asked, after a few moments' silence. "I do, up in my big house. It is a pretty place; but it is too big for me."

Miss Bettie only knitted faster, and was quite silent. His coming had disturbed her greatly. How many years since he had been here.

Suddenly, he leaned forward, and took her work away.

"I don't want you to knit any more to-night," he said; "I want you to look at me."

"Lawyer Allyn!"

"No, not Lawyer Allyn—David. Call me that, as you used to."

Miss Bettie trembled; her cheeks glowed as in youthful days.

David Allyn took one of the spinster's thin hands in his—the one on which the little worn ring was, it happened.

"Bettie," he said, gravely, "I have come to-night to ask your forgiveness and your love again. I feel I made a mistake—a great mistake, once in my life, and I want, if possible, to rectify it. Don't tell me it is too late."

To feel that she was loved again, after all these lonely years, was too much for Miss Bettie; she burst into tears.

Her white kitten purred and rubbed its soft little head against her dress. The firelight danced on the wall, and made black shadows in the corners.

In the uncertain light, David Allyn bent, and kissed the faded cheek beside him.

"The big house will be lonely no more," he whispered, "when 'Charming Bettie' is its mistress."

"Not charming now, David," said Miss Bettie, a little sadly, but smiling through her tears.

"Yes, you are charming to me, and always will be," said David Allyn, tenderly.

Someone opened the parlor door. It was Priscilla; but they did not see her.

She stood for a moment, with a smile on her young face, watching them. Then she softly stole away.

That night, she felt more kindly to a certain dark-eyed young fellow far away, and wrote him several closely-written pages, which made the young man's foolish heart quite glad for many days.—*Peterson's.*

Strange Things on the Texas Coast.

[*From the Corpus Christi Caller.*]

A few days ago, in grading the side of the hill in front of the Presbyterian Church in this city, there was brought to the surface what appears to be the point of an elephant's tusk, about six inches in length, and the horn of a rhinoceros, of about the same length. On the latter were found several etchings, representing the Spanish lady dancing the fandango to the music of a tambourine, performed on by a Portuguese female, a ship at anchor, a rope-entwined anchor and a female waving a flag on which are seven stars. Further excavations near the same spot brought up the skull, several ribs and a portion of the spine of a man.

The Days Gone By.

Oh, the days gone by! Oh, the days gone by!
The apples in the orchard and the pathway through the rye;
The chirrup of the robin and the whistle of the quail,
As he piped across the meadows, sweet as any nightingale;
When the bloom was on the clover and the blue was in the sky,
And my happy heart brimmed over—in the days gone by!

In the days gone by, when my naked feet were tripped
By the honeysuckle tangles where the water-lilies dipped,
And the ripples of the river lipped the moss along the brink
Where the placid-eyed and lazy-footed cattle came to drink,
And the tilting snipe stood fearless of the truant's wayward cry,
And the splashing of the swimmer—in the days gone by!

Oh, the days gone by! Oh, the days gone by!
The music of the laughing lip, the lustre of the eye;
The childish faith in fairies and Aladdin's magic ring—
The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in everything.
For life was like a story, holding neither sob nor sigh,
In the golden, olden glory of the days gone by.

Easter.

[*By John B. Tabb.*]

Like a meteor, large and bright,
Fell a golden seed of light
On the field of Christmas night
When the Babe was born.

Then 'twas sepulchred in gloom
Till above His holy tomb
Flashed its everlasting bloom—
Flower of Easter morn!

—*Harper's Magazine for April.*

A Military Man Made Happy.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—General G. C. Kniffin, in a letter stating his wife was cured of a painful ailment by St. Jacobs Oil, writes that after witnessing its magical cure of pain he would cheerfully pay $100 for a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, if he could not get it cheaper.

A DASH FOR FREEDOM.

How a Party of Salisbury Prisoners Effected Their Escape.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

I have never yet tried to write an account of my escape from the rebel prison at Salisbury, N. C., but thinking perhaps the narrative may be interesting to some of your readers, I will try to do so now. Having no memoranda for reference, I shall be obliged to depend altogether on my memory, and my narrative will, of course, be somewhat imperfect. I will say, by way of preface, that I was made a prisoner in the battle of the Yellow Tavern, near Petersburg, on August 19th, 1864, and confined on Belle Isle until about October 5th, when, with others, I was removed to Salisbury. We arrived there, as I remember, October 8th, 1864. At first, wood was supplied in small quantities by our guards, the daily allowance for each 100 men being what two of their number could carry. But some time in November arrangements were made for us to perform this labor ourselves. One morning a rebel sergeant came to the gate and called for sixteen Yanks to go out for wood, and I chanced to be one of the number. This squad was afterward made thirty-two, and finally sixty-four men. We were taken (under guard, of course,) to the depot of the Western N. C. R. W., where a train of four cars was waiting, and went out about three miles for a load; returned, threw it off, and were taken back to the stockade for the night. This was repeated for several days, when several of us, wishing to secure the chance for extra ration, air and exercise, prevailed on the officer of our guard to take our names and call the same ones out each morning, instead of taking the squad promiscuously. This was done, and a corporal of our number, (Halsey Lathrop, of the One Hundred and Ninety-first Pennsylvania,) was appointed to call our names at the gate each morning. We were closely guarded all the time, and each night returned to the stockade. We used to tell our guards (we had the same ones all the time) that they need not watch us, as we would not try to escape; but we were on the watch for chances to do this all the time, of course. We were all the time posting our comrades inside, too, as to the points where sentinels were posted, the distance required to tunnel to the railroad bank, location and direction of roads, &c. We formed many plans of escape, one of which was to overpower the guards and seize the train when we were farthest from the town and run it as far as we could, and then make our way to the Union lines. Our leader in this scheme was a Michigan man, named Clark, but for some reason we never were ready to execute it. We had an understanding with those in the stockade that all who escaped from the work-squads or the pen should rendezvous at a certain crossing about five miles west of Salisbury. Finally, on the 11th of February, 1865, we had gone farther than usual for our load, and in returning, in a deep cut some six miles from Salisbury, the foremost car was thrown from the track by the ice formed on it, and the train men had to walk to town to get a jack-screw to lift it on again. The wind was bitter cold, and the officer of our guard ordered all hands to climb the bank, procure dry wood, and build fires quickly. I was one of the first to reach the top, and was some distance in advance of the guard. In an instant I saw my chance. The ground before me was covered with stunted pine brush, and as one of the guards cried, "You uns scatter out thar and git some dry brush," I "scattered" without any further ceremony. In fact, I quite forgot to return with my load of "dry brush." I ran, as nearly as I could guess, three miles, and then came out of the woods suddenly into a new clearing, with a house just beyond it. I crawled into a brush pile, where I could watch the house, and lay concealed there till dark. I saw a woman and several children, but was not discovered by them. As soon as it was fairly dark I returned to the railroad and went to the crossing before spoken of to see if any others had availed themselves of this opportunity to escape, and, to my surprise, found nearly twenty there. Indeed, when all got in we mustered twenty-four men, most of whom, however, had got away from the gravediggers' squad and from the pen.

DANGER AHEAD.

By this time the moon was up and the night was bright. We hastily consulted as to the best plan of reaching our lines. Some favored going toward Wilmington; others toward the mountains. We believed that our men held the mountains, and some of us urged that there would be less danger of recapture if we went in that direction, as the region would be likely to be sparsely settled; and finally that route was adopted. We were to march up the railroad, across a stream called Third Creek, in a body, and then go in a northwest direction to the mountains. This creek was about thirteen miles from Salisbury, and we wood haulers had frequently crossed it and never saw a guard there, so we went boldly to the bridge to cross, when, to our consternation, some nine or ten rebels arose, and we were called on to halt. Our surprise was complete, but we had no notion of going back. Each man seemed to act on the same thought. On the right was a fence, inclosing a large meadow, which extended to the bank of the creek, and over this we went like frightened deer. Just then the rebels began firing and shouting at a terrible rate. Several of our party were hit at the first fire, but how many I never knew. One man—an Israelite from New York, named Sadie—who was running next to me called out that he was shot in the knee and begged me to help him off, but although he had a blanket which I had designed sharing on this march, I wasted no breath nor time, but remembering the adage, "Self-preservation is the first law of nature," went on. I have often tried to remember how I got over the fence and ran through the meadow, but while I can see the whole scene I can't remember touching a rail or the ground either. The first thing I do recall distinctly was a plunge into the icy water of Third Creek. It was nearly up to my neck as I waded through, and I crawled up the bank on the opposite side more dead than alive. How cold I was! I came across a large church-yard presently, and being certain, from the din back in the meadow, that none of the rebels intended crossing the creek, I sat down on a grave to rest and reflect. One comrade joined me here, and we held a shivering consultation, the result of which was that we decided to continue our march, but more at our leisure. Soon after, we were joined by two others, and after a little we overtook another. Our command now consisted of John Brannan, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Clark Stuart, Co. C, Twelfth regiment Maine infantry; Charles Palmatier, of a New York regiment; Aaron Littlejohn, of an Ohio regiment, and myself. What became of the others I never knew. We traveled as far as we could before daylight and then lay down in the woods to rest. After resting and eating the remnant of food we possessed we crept along through the woods cautiously till we heard two men chopping. Waiting till they had quit for the night we went up to them and found them to be negroes. We frankly told them who we were and asked them for food, which they agreed to bring to us soon as they could go to the house and do their chores and return.

FRIENDS IN NEED.

They had a fire, and told us they would come back about eight o'clock, and told us to stay by the fire till they came. After they were gone we thought they might betray us, so we piled on more wood and retired to a safe distance to watch. After a time they came and peered around and whistled, but we held still till we were sure no white men were with them, and then came out. They had bread and meat for us and told us if we would go home with them they would give us more. As it was snowing heavily by this time we agreed, and went to their quarters, where we were heartily welcomed by the other negroes of the plantation. One of the negroes stood guard on the road to their master's house all the time we were there. After a little they proposed to hide us in the barn until the next night, when we could proceed on our journey with more provisions. I wish to say here that I never knew a negro who would not do all in his power to help a Union soldier. The next night, soon after dark, we went on with a pillow-case full of bread and meat and another full of raw meat, which we fully believed would last us through to God's country. We agreed to travel only at night, except when it was possible to keep in the woods, and that we would avoid roads altogether. From our knowledge of geography we knew that we should keep a northwest course, and this we did in clear weather by the North Star, and in cloudy weather by feeling of the trunks of trees—which I now, for the first time, found to have more moss on their north than on the south side—or by the patches of snow invariably left on the north side of trees when all else was melted. Truly "necessity is the mother of invention." We ate all our cooked rations on the next day after leaving the negro quarters, and now had about a peck of meal, which we ate raw. We would walk as far as we could, then lie down on the frozen ground, "spoon fashion," to keep warm; when rested we would eat a handful of meal each, and then resume our journey. We ate nothing but this meal for nine days. Think for a moment of five famished men subsisting for nine days on a peck of raw corn meal. We got into a mountainous region in a few days, and then could travel by day. One day, when our meal was almost gone, we drew lots to see who should go to the first house that we came upon, and try to obtain some food. It fell on Palmatier and myself. We soon discovered a small log house in a valley, and approached it. We found nobody at home but a small dog, which made more noise to the square inch than any beast I ever saw before or since. We tried in vain to open the doors, but were more fortunate at the smoke-house, which we entered, and found a swill tub, out of which we fished some scraps of bread, and ate them with a keen relish; we also found a pile of frozen onions, and took back a supply to our waiting comrades. We also discovered some joints of meat fastened to the wall by stout, hickory withers, which we tried in vain to undo. While Palmatier was searching for an ax, I thought that perhaps it would be policy to leave it alone, as if we should be recaptured the Rebs. might make this an excuse for killing us; so we returned with only the onions. The other boys cursed a little at first, but were finally induced to view the matter as I did; so they devoured the onions and we went our way. The same day, I think, we drew lots again, and it fell on Brannan this time to go to the next house. Some time after dark we saw a light some distance ahead, and we all went up to within about 100 yards of the dwelling. Brannan then went on alone.

AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE.

He was to go in, and if it was all right, he was to come out and call us. We watched the door, saw him go in, and, after what seemed to us an age, he came out and gave the signal of safety. On going to the house we found the family at supper. The meal consisted of dried string beans, bear meat, bread, and rye coffee, and when our turn came we cleared the table in short order. We were pleased to find that the man of the house, whose name was Larkin Green, was a staunch Unionist, and had "lid out" during most of the war, to avoid conscription into the rebel army. It was a relief to find one of our own kind in this way. But our hopes of finding a portion of our army at or near the main Blue Ridge were blasted. Mr. Green informed us that the nearest post was Knoxville, which was more than 200 miles off. But we got much valuable information from him, one item of which was that there were no large bodies of rebels in our way—only an occasional camp of home guards and prowling bands of guerrillas. He gave us names of reliable Union men along our route, and described their premises so minutely that we had no trouble in finding them. He piloted us to the main Blue Ridge, which we crossed at what is called the Deep Gap. The next morning we passed through a town called Boone at an early hour, and in the street we met a young man in the uniform of a rebel major, who halted us and demanded our business. We told him we belonged to Lee's army, and were going home to Greenville on furlough. We had dropped our usual caution by advice of Mr. Green, who told us that if we put on a bold front and went through this town as if we knew our business, we would not be molested. Our story did not satisfy the major, who eyed us suspiciously as we hurried on, and we had hardly left the town till we heard several horns blowing behind us, and we imagined this was to summon the militia in pursuit. Our first friend ahead was a Mr. Hays, who lived three miles off, and you may depend on it that we didn't let the grass grow under our feet till his house was in sight. He was at home with another man, both of whom had rifles and were just starting for a hunt. We told our story hurriedly and asked Hays to hide us. He laughed and said that we need fear nothing from those cattle at Boone.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

We were now fairly started on the underground railroad, of which I had read, when a child, in one of Harriet Beecher Stowe's books, and while we passed through many dangers and almost hair-breadth escapes on the rest of our trip, we found faithful friends along the way. Men, women and children would go with us sometimes a whole night's travel to guide us around a camp of rebels or other place of danger. I neglected to state at the right time that I had been supplied with two boxes of matches by a Miss Julia West, at Salisbury, but they were all spoiled when I forded Third Creek. Our party could always agree as to our route except Palmatier, who was what we might call an "off ox." He would frequently imagine that we were going wrong, and would stop and swear that he would not go any further that way. He would always keep calling to us, too, when quiet was necessary; and though we often tried to "lose" him, he refused to be left, and would come up to us puffing louder than a steam sawmill. Early on our tramp my feet were frozen and were so sore I could hardly walk at times, and a large sore appeared on my left knee, to which my ragged garments would adhere. It pained me incessantly. At times, indeed, it was so bad that I actually thought I could hear the joint creak like a rusty hinge, but I determined to hold out with the best, and did so. Poor Littlejohn, who had escaped from Florence and been recaptured and confined at Salisbury, was weaker than any of us, and we were forced to leave him, at last, but at the house of a Unionist in East Tennessee. We feared that he would never recover. He was thoroughly unselfish and would not permit any of us to stay with him. I have heard that he got well and finally reached his home in Ohio, but do not know positively. The others went on, but it would be impossible for me to give a connected narrative of our travels after we left Mr. Hays, and it would not, perhaps, interest the readers of THE TRIBUNE. Suffice it to say that we reached the Union lines at Leper's Mills, on the Nobchuckie River some miles above Knoxville, on the 10th day of March, 1865. The command there at that time was General Gillem's brigade of infantry and the Tenth Michigan cavalry, to whose colonel we reported. Their camp was across the river from us, and we had to be ferried over in a dug-out two at a time. They had a large pole erected, and the stars and stripes were floating from the top.

A SIGHT NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN.

In the afternoon sunlight it seemed to me that the flag was the most beautiful object my eyes had ever beheld, and I think so yet. Here we parted company; Palmatier and Brannan went to Knoxville with a wagon train, but Stuart and I preferred to go by the river with a flat-boat load of corn. We started at two o'clock next day, and before dark our boat caught on a snag and held us fast. Our captain hailed the shore, and finally got a man to bring us a canoe, in which we transferred ourselves to dry land. After dark the captain wanted two of his negro crew to go back and watch the boat, but they objected, and Stuart and I went. After all was quiet ashore, we concluded that "delays were dangerous," untied the canoe, and embarked on our own hook. We had several adventures on the river, only one of which I shall relate. We traveled all the time, day and night, one of us guiding the craft with a paddle, while the other slept in the bow. Once, while I was steering and Stuart was snoozing comfortably, and perhaps dreaming of his far-off home in Maine, I inadvertently ran our outfit over a mill-dam, completely immerging Stuart and myself, and losing all our baggage, which consisted of clothing and blankets, furnished us by the boys of the Tenth Michigan cavalry, together with a tin pail of milk and loaf of light bread given us by a charitable lady, and which we were saving for our breakfast. We contrived to get ashore alive, and went to a house, dried our clothes, and continued our journey. On the second day we reached Knoxville, and reported to General Tilson, then commanding that department, who furnished us with transportation to Annapolis, Maryland, from which place we received furloughs and went home to surprise our families, who believed us dead. On my return I met Stuart, Brannan and Palmatier at Camp Distribution, near Alexandria, Virginia, where we parted, and I have not seen or heard from either of them since. Should either of them see this, perhaps they will finish the story of our escape and write to me.

Respectfully, yours,
SILAS W. CROCKER,
Co. I, 6th Reg't, Pa. Reserves.

DARNUMTON, CAMDEN CO., MO.

JOHN BROWN OF OLD,

And the Last of His Work in Bleeding Kansas.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

The articles relating to John Brown and his war with pro-slavery border ruffians in Kansas, that are now going the rounds of the press, call to the writer's mind many of the heroic events of the time when Kansas was battling for freedom, and citizens were cruelly assassinated for standing by their principles and opposing the great slave power that was then crowding itself into Kansas. It was here that the great civil war, which ended with the downfall of slavery, really began.

What I am about to write is simply a recital of the facts that came under my own observation a quarter of a century ago, with frequent quotations from my diary of that time.

I left Mantua, Portage county, Ohio, in April, 1856, bound for "Bleeding Kansas." We took with us a steam sawmill, which was purchased in St. Louis, Mo., shipped by river to Kansas City, and then hauled overland about eighty-five miles south of west from Kansas City, to a point on the Osage River, in Bourbon county, and about ten miles north from Fort Scott, the then hot-bed of the pro-slavery party, where our company stuck their stakes and purchased some timber claims on the Osage bottoms that had already been taken up by pro-slavery parties who wanted to go back to the State. They said it was getting too hot for them.

Captain Montgomery and his company of jay-hawkers were then scouting all through that part of the Territory looking to the interest of the Free-State men and carrying terror into the ranks of the border ruffians. We put up our mill, surveyed and laid out a townsite and named it "Lebanon," and we all went to work in good earnest, intending to mind our own business and not take part in the bitter quarrel going on between what we then thought to be the hot-heads or the extremists of the two parties.

But we soon saw that it was not a few ignorant ruffians from the South and a few lawless men from the North that were creating all this trouble and bloodshed, but a great power at Washington, with the vast machinery of the Government at its back, intent on making Kansas a slave State. The anti-slavery element of the North had declared that slavery should never have a foot-hold in Kansas, but should be confined to the States where it actually existed, and as at this time the pro-slavery men, under the protection of the flag, the President and the party in power, were pouring their forces into the Territory; so came the hard-headed men of anti-slavery sentiment down from the North to occupy the land, and hold it, too, even if fighting had to be done. There was no neutral ground. It was "pro-slavery or anti-slavery;" "free Kansas or slave Kansas."

Southern Kansas was now to suffer as Northern Kansas did in '55 and '56, when Governor Geary had to leave the Territory to save his life. At this time, however, the Free-State element had grown in pluck and outnumbered their opponents in that part of the Territory, many of whom had gone back to the States, while others had come to Southern Kansas.

THE OPENING OF HOSTILITIES.

The first resort to force occurred on the night of December 15th, 1857, when the house of a Free-State man, by the name of Rice, who came from Missouri and was a kind of Methodist exhorter—an inoffensive sort of man—who had a son with Captain Montgomery's scouts, was surrounded by the pro-slavery men, and he was told that he must leave. Some shots were fired, and old man Rice received a slight wound. On hearing of the affair, the Free-State men rallied and declared that if Rice was not permitted to live in peace and express his sentiments—which was all they asked—they would have to resort to a little blood-letting. The incident opened the eyes of our little settlement of Free-State men. We supposed that we had the same rights in Kansas that we had in Ohio, and we determined to stand by old man Rice. I quote from my diary:

Dec. 16th.—Fine morning, but a little cool. The Missouri border ruffians and Captain Montgomery's scouts had a fight last night near the State line, on the Osage; seven men reported killed.

Dec. 17th.—Two hundred and fifty United States troops from Fort Scott are on the Osage looking for Captain Montgomery's scouts. As they passed through Lebanon a sergeant sang out:

"Seen anything of Captain Montgomery and his men?"

"No," was the answer. "What do you want with them?"

"Want to 'chaw 'em up.'"

"Why don't you 'chaw up' those border ruffians who shot and tried to drive old man Rice from his home and out of the Territory just because he was an anti-slavery man?"

"Oh, we want nothing to do with them," was the reply. "What we are after, just now, is old Montgomery and his jay-hawkers."

No one had seen them, although they had passed through town not more than half an hour before.

The reader will see presently that it was not such an easy matter after all for the United States troops to "chaw up" Captain Montgomery and his scouts. The question occurred to us at the time, why was it that the Government at Washington was using its strong arm to hunt down and drive out of Kansas the anti-slavery party, and at the same time protect and assist the pro-slavery party?

If my memory serves me right, Jefferson Davis was then Secretary of War, and it was he who ordered the United States troops to hunt down and disperse Captain Montgomery and his scouts, let it cost what it might in treasure and blood. I wish to say right here that the Government was very careful to send none but Southern troops to Kansas; that is, men of pro-slavery principles, or troops that were recruited in the Southern States. It was then reported that there was not a single Northern-born soldier stationed at Fort Scott.

The balance of the winter passed away without any further fighting. The soldiers went into their winter quarters at Fort Scott, and the border ruffians settled back in Missouri to their "hog and hominy," probably not very well satisfied, for they had lost a few of their men and accomplished nothing. Here is another extract from my diary:

March 9th, 1858.—First election ever held in Lebanon; elected township officers; made arrangements for a summer term of school, free and open to all; hired a teacher, rented an unoccupied log house, put in some benches and desks.

It made rather a cozy-looking room, and a very comfortable place in which to teach the young idea how to shoot. A genuine Connecticut Yankee, by the name of Jackson, was the teacher, and if there ever was a Yankee that could make "wooden nutmegs and bass-wood hams," I think it must have been Jackson.

MORE TROUBLE BREWING.

The weather had now become warm, and we began to hear of trouble brewing down near the State line. I quote from my diary:

April 1st.—Two men killed a few miles down the Osage from here; this time it was the pro-slavery men that went down. Rumors had it that Captain Montgomery's scouts were at it again—paying off some old scores.

April 3d.—Great excitement all along the Osage; about one hundred of the anti-slavery settlers came into Lebanon—men, women, and children; a few went North to a settlement on Elk Creek. Missourians, two hundred and fifty strong, reported in camp near the State line well armed, and full of fight, and threatening to make a clean sweep of the Free-State men on the Osage River.

We hastily organized a rifle company, elected officers, fortified the town as best we could, corraled the wagons of the settlers that came into town for better defence, run bullets, sent out scouting parties, and made arrangements for a regular siege. That night I went on guard. The password was "Washington." We were determined to have a patriotic and "fighting password," whether there was any fight in us or not. It was the first guard duty I had ever performed. About midnight two of the scouts sent out the afternoon before returned. They were halted by the guard and ordered to advance and give the countersign.

But they did not have the password, the officer of the day having failed to give it to them before they went out. There was a good deal of palavering before they were admitted, and it aroused the whole camp and set the dogs to barking and babies to crying. They had brought good news, however. Montgomery's scouts were watching the pro-slavery encampment down near the State line and were ready to give them a warm reception whenever they broke camp to march on the settlers. The news made all hands feel better. The camp quieted down, the two scouts received their rations and many thanks, and thus the night wore away. A funny incident happened that night. One of the guards declared that he saw a man crawling on his hands and knees through the brush near his beat and ordered him to halt, but he paid no attention to the order. Thereupon the guard fired and the man disappeared with a "yelp." Soon afterwards a large dog that belonged to one of the settlers came into camp with a bullet hole through his under jaw. The laugh was on the guard, and he was detailed to kill the dog. During the next ten day's the air was full of flying rumors of invasions from Missouri, attacks on Barnsville, killing of Free-State men, collisions with the sheriff of Bourbon county, and other "bogus" authorities. But after a while the Missourians broke camp and went back to the State, the Free-State settlers removed to their homes again, and the bitter feeling seemed to quiet down for a while. But the hot-bed of pro-slavery was then at Fort Scott, where the Secretary of War kept four or five companies of United States troops stationed to protect the "bogus" court then held there, but ostensibly to overawe the anti-slavery men, who were then fast filling up this part of the Territory, intent upon keeping slave labor out and occupying its rich soil themselves.

CAPTAIN MONTGOMERY'S BLOODY WORK.

At this time there was a Missourian by the name of Sylvester Hoag, living on the Osage, a quiet, peaceable sort of a man, who seemed to be well liked by his neighbors. He owned a few slaves and had kept them in Kansas unmolested for more than three years. Captain Montgomery called on him and told him that he must either leave the Territory or send his slaves back to Missouri; that the soil of Kansas was for free men, and he gave him just twenty-four hours to get his slaves out of the Territory. Mr. Hoag would not leave, or, as he termed it, he did not "scare worth a cent." He got a few of his pro-slavery neighbors to assist him, fortified his house, and awaited the result. The next night Captain Montgomery and his scouts stormed the fortifications, wounded Mr. Hoag, and killed one of his men. Hoag then surrendered and promised, if let alone, to leave the Territory and go back to the State. He left that night, taking his slaves with him.

Many of the Free-State men did not approve of this bloody work of Captain Montgomery, and they issued a call for a public mass-meeting to protest against the employment of such harsh methods of freeing Kansas from slavery. The majority were in favor of waiting until Congress should see fit to receive Kansas into the Union with a Free-State constitution that would bar out slavery forever, although others more hot-headed were in favor of not letting the cursed institution get a foot-hold under any circumstances whatever. The day of the mass-meeting great crowds of people came flocking into Lebanon. Some came from the headwaters of the Osage, a distance of more than thirty miles, and nearly all the Free-State men in Bourbon county, with their families, were there. The convention passed a resolution strongly condemning Captain Montgomery's course, and declared that it was keeping the settlers in constant fear of assassination, and that probably the border ruffians would retaliate on innocent settlers. All were well satisfied that more killing would be done on account of Hoag's treatment. Captain Montgomery himself was present. He was then about fifty years old, a long, gaunt, lean, fiery-looking man. He was a Southerner by birth, and had coarse, black hair. His small, black eyes, peering out from under long, black and bushy eye-brows, carried terror to the hearts of the border ruffians.

By invitation he addressed the convention. He said that he was a Southerner by birth; that he had lived the greater part of his life among slave owners and slave drivers, and knew something of slavery's horrors; that he had come to Kansas with his family to make a home among free men and get out of sight and hearing of the cursed institution. But now the power of the Government, backed up by the dominant party, was being exerted to force slavery on free Kansas, where a large majority of the actual settlers were bitterly opposed to it. It was slavery that had burned Lawrence, sacked Osawatomie, and massacreed fifteen Free-State men on the Maria de Cygnes. It was not the real settlers of Kansas that were causing all this trouble and blood-shed, but a gang of ruffians who lived in Missouri, and just as often as they brought their slaves into Kansas he for one was determined to put them out, "peaceably if he could, and forcibly if he must." The meeting broke up with not the best of feeling prevailing. I quote again from my diary:

June 1st.—More killing going on over on the Marmaton; rumors that three Free-State men who recently came from Ohio had been murdered by the border ruffians for expressing their anti-slavery sentiments, and the Free-State settlers have sent over to the Osage for more help.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE REGULARS.

Captain Montgomery and his scouting party were soon off for the seat of war, fully determined to revenge the cowardly assassination of their friends. The "bogus" sheriff at Fort Scott heard of their approach, and determined upon their arrest. He called upon the commander of the fort for assistance. Of course the commander was willing to assist him, "just for the fun of the thing, if nothing else." As I have already said, they wanted to "chaw 'em up." One hundred and fifty United States dragoons, under the command of a major, was handed over to the "bogus" sheriff, with instructions to assist him in making the arrest. Captain Montgomery and some twenty-five of his men were then camped on the Marmaton River bottoms, some five miles above Fort Scott. The dragoons soon came up with them and charged their camp. A running fight ensued. Montgomery's men retreated into the heavy timber and, dismounting, took to the Indian style of warfare, shooting and falling back from one tree to another until they had put three of the dragoons "hors de combat," among them one lieutenant. The dragoons then withdrew and returned to Fort Scott, probably satisfied that it was not so easy after all to "chaw up" Captain Montgomery's men. It was admitted at Fort Scott that the troops had gained no new laurels in this battle.

The Free-State men, however, blamed Captain Montgomery for allowing his men to come in contact with the United States troops, and considered it a rather serious matter. Rumors were now rife that Bourbon county would be put under "martial law," and that the settlers would have a taste of military rule—the very thing they already had too much of. I quote again from my diary:

June 12, 1858.—Governor Denver and Colonel James Lane come down to Lebanon and addressed a mass-meeting, pouring oil on the troubled waters and quieting the fears of the settlers.

The next day they went on to Fort Scott and had a "big" talk with the pro-slavery authorities there. It was generally believed that the governor's visit would result in good, and it did for a time. The "bogus" court at Fort Scott agreed to quash all the old indictments against the Free-State men and let "bygones be by-gones." Emigrants from the Northern States were now coming into Kansas in great numbers, Bourbon county getting her full share. In fact, we already had a large majority in the county, and but for the bogus authorities at Fort Scott, who were upheld and protected by the Administration at Washington and the invasions of the Missourians, Bourbon county would have been as orderly and prosperous as any in the Territory.

JOHN BROWN ON THE OSAGE.

When I began this narrative it was my intention to tell what I saw and knew of Captain John Brown and his work in Southern Kansas. But in order to give the reader a clearer idea of how the Free-State men were then treated in the southern part of the Territory by the party then in power, and the causes that brought John Brown from the Pottawatomie to the Osage, and his invasion of Missouri and kidnapping of slaves, the writer had to go back to the spring of 1857 and tell how the border ruffians and Captain Montgomery had been warring on each other for more than a year and a half, keeping the settlers continually excited and in great danger of losing their lives. I quote from my diary again:

December 17, 1858.—The bitter feeling still runs high on both sides, and the excitement is up to the boiling pitch again. Yesterday Captain Montgomery and his scouts "swooped" down on Fort Scott and took the town by surprise, broke open the jail, and liberated one of their own men, who was then in jail for daring to stand by his principles. H—— is out for noon again. Look out for more blood and thunder; for Old John Brown is now on the Osage, and that means fight.

The first time I ever saw John Brown was a few days after Montgomery had sacked Fort Scott. With a few of his men he came to Lebanon—no one knew what for. He talked a great deal about the trouble the Free-State men were then having with the Missourians.

On learning that we were from Portage county, Ohio, he called on us, and said that he used to live in Portage county, and knew a great many good people there. That made us friends at once, and my brother invited him to remain over night. He accepted the invitation, and I shall never forget that evening as long as I live. We had a delightful visit, and talked over Ohio matters. It really seemed like meeting an old friend and neighbor. I admired the man very much. The general cast of his features gave one an impression of goodness and manliness. The forehead was full and prominent. He was rather stoutly built, and wore a full gray beard that gave him a dignified look. In fact, he was rather a fine-looking old gentleman—a man that one would take to be a well-to-do and well-posted old farmer who had the cause of Kansas at heart. He talked a good deal about the treatment that slaves received and how the country was then suffering from the cursed institution, and declared that the day was not far distant when every slave in the United States would be a free man, and the Abolition party in a few years would control our Government. Of course we didn't believe all of that, and gave the old man to understand that we were not "Abolitionists," but Republicans. The old man's eyes twinkled as he said: "Young men, do you know what an "Abolitionist" is? I have in my pocket a full definition of the word, taken from a Southern standpoint."

THE SOUTHERN IDEA OF AN ABOLITIONIST.

He then pulled from his vest pocket a scrap of paper. It was a clipping from some Southern newspaper, and it gave the definition of the term by telling what constituted an Abolitionist. I well remember a part of it, which was as follows: "An 'Abolitionist' is any man who does not love slavery for its own sake as a divine institution; who does not worship it and desire to see it extended and perpetuated over the whole earth. He who does not love slavery with this love is an Abolitionist." The above definition was an eye-opener to me. Of course we had no such love for slavery, and, according to the above definition, we were not Republicans but Abolitionists.

The chambers of my brother's house, where I was then boarding, was all in one apartment, containing three beds. Upon our retiring I was somewhat surprised to see John Brown kneel at his bedside and pray aloud. There were six persons in the room at the time. He asked God to watch over and protect the Free-State settlers of Kansas, and especially to protect them from the pro-slavery border ruffian hordes from Missouri. He prayed that God would open the eyes of the Nation that the people might see the great crime of slavery, and wound up by imploring Him to strike the shackles from the millions of slaves and make them free men and women forever. We had never before even thought that John Brown was a praying man, and I then could hardly see how he could deliver such a powerful prayer and be ready the next minute to fight the pro-slavery party. But I learned during our civil war that "praying men make the best fighting men." Some were a little inclined to scoff at his praying that night, and seemed to think that he was putting it all on for effect, but I have not the least doubt but that he considered himself an instrument in the hands of God to free the slaves, and, indirectly, that proved to be the case. The next morning, soon after breakfast, he left Lebanon as quietly as he came. No one seemed to know what had brought him there, or where he was going, but it was generally thought that there "was something in the wind," and sure enough there was. I again quote from my diary:

Dec. 20, 1858.—Last night John Brown went over into Missouri, near the line, on the Osage, and kidnapped six slaves, and is now running them North "by the underground railroad." A large party of Missourians are in hot pursuit, while a great many are gathering just over the line and near Barnesville, with loud threats that if the slaves are not returned they will burn every Free-State man's house on the Osage. Great excitement among the settlers. Some are fleeing North, while others are coming into Lebanon.

Something had to be done, and that quickly. Couriers were sent out in all directions to call the Osage rifle company together. Messengers were sent down the river to Barnesville to watch the enemy, while others went north to the Pottawattomie to intercept John Brown and ask him to return and fight his own battles. At that time the Osage rifle company numbered about sixty men, all mounted. On the 22d of December we moved down the river about eight miles and went into camp. We detailed guards, sent out scouting parties in all directions, told stories, fought mosquitoes, and rested on our arms. At that time the New York *Tribune* had a kid-gloved reporter in that section, and he was with us. He was a jolly, good little fellow by the name of William P. Tomlinson, and was always on hand for the latest news. He rode a small mustang pony, and in crossing the Osage river the pony swam from under its rider, and if assistance had not been near at hand the *Tribune* would have had no report of that expedition. It was said during the civil war that reporters never got killed, although they were constantly in the most dangerous part of the field. I then thought that it was no easy matter to drown one. If he should chance upon these lines he will remember me as the boy who hauled him out of the river, and I should be pleased to hear from him through the columns of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE or personally.

WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO TURN UP.

We remained in camp all day waiting for something to turn up. About dark an anti-slavery man by the name of Rawson, who lived a short distance from our camp, came in and reported seeing a body of men some five miles below and near the mouth of Elk Creek. Soon after, one of our scouts reported sighting a body of men crossing the prairie and making in the direction of Elk Creek. Whether they were a band of Missourians, who had followed John Brown north, and had given up the chase and were now returning, or John Brown coming back to protect the settlers, no one could tell. About ten o'clock the moon rose and we then resumed our march. After crossing Elk Creek, near midnight, we were halted by the challenge, "Who comes there?" To this (not knowing whether they were friend or foe) we answered, "jay-hawkers!" The response that came back was "John Brown!" A few men were visible about one hundred yards away, and they proved to be John Brown's pickets. They requested us to go down to their camp, which was about one mile below, and at or near the mouth of Elk Creek. We hurried on rapidly and soon reached their camp. Captain Brown had a company of men that had long been with him. Among them were his three sons, viz., Oliver, Watson and Owen Brown, and a son-in-law by the name of Thompson.

The old man gave us an account of his visit to Missouri, and how they had run off the slaves and secreted them over on the Pottawatomie, where our messenger had overtook him and reported the great excitement on the Osage. He expressed his readiness to fight the border ruffians if they should molest the settlers, or if fighting was what they wanted. The next morning a council of war was held and it was decided that our company should return to their homes, and that Captain Brown and his company should watch the border. That day he moved on down to Barnesville, near the State line, and went into camp. He built fortifications and made arrangements for a regular siege. Our own company returned to Lebanon, quieted the fears of the settlers, kept a sharp lookout and slept on our arms, for we were liable to be called out at any time. During the next few days the air was full of flying rumors of invasions from Missouri, attacks on Barnesville and collisions with the border ruffians; but in about three weeks the excitement quieted down again—the Missourians left the border and went to their homes, and John Brown and his company went back to the Pottawatomie. The Free-State men also returned to their homes and peace once more reigned over Bourbon county. That was the last time that I ever saw John Brown, and little did I then think that in less than three years I would be marching with a great army of United States soldiers and singing: "John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave, as we go marching on."

That winter John Brown assisted those six slaves to get to Canada. After keeping them secreted for a while on the Pottawatomie, he run them up into Nebraska and from there across Iowa, and then by underground railroad through Illinois until he reached Chicago, where he made a short stop, and finally landed them safe in Canada. On his return from Canada he stopped over in Ohio to visit friends and consult with the Abolitionists of the Western Reserve. It was at this time, in the winter of 1858, that he made that memorable speech to the Abolitionists in Cleveland, Ohio; telling them of his work in Kansas, and of the running off of the six slaves and of their safe arrival in Canada; the treatment Free-State men in Kansas received from the Administration at Washington, and their great endurance and pluck in keeping slavery out of the Territory. That was the last of "Old Ossawatomie Brown's" work in Kansas.

COL. C. H. RAY.

MANTUA, OHIO, Feb. 7, 1883.

In the cure of severe coughs, weak lungs, spitting of blood, and the early stages of *Consumption*, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has astonished the medical faculty. When it cures the severest coughs, it strengthens the system and *purifies the blood*. By druggists.